2

MIT LIBRARY

Number I.

THE

New-England

Magazine

For *August* 1758.

CONTAINING

OLD-fashioned Writings and ſelect Eſſays,
Queer Notions, uſeful Hints, Extracts from Plays,
Relations wonderful, and Pſalm, and Song,
Good-Senſe, Wit, Humour, Morals, all *ding-dong*;
Poems, and Speeches, Politics, and News,
What *Some* will like, and other *Some* refuſe;
Births, Deaths, and Dreams, and Apparitions too:
With ſome *Thing* ſuited to each different *Goût*,
To humour HIM and *Her*, and *me*, and YOU.

5350

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANY *Writers* who may incline to publiſh their Sentiments in this Magazine, are deſired to ſend their Papers (Poſtage paid) under a Cover directed to *Benjamin Mecom*, Printer, at the *New* Printing-Office, in *Boſton*.

THoſe who buy ſix of th Magazine, ſhall have Seventh *gratis*.

☞ A very ſuitable PRESENT for Inſtruction of YOUTH.

WANTED

A Healthy and honeſt as an *Apprentice* t Printing Buſineſs. Er as above-mentioned.

Number 1.

THE *New-England* Magazine

For *August* 1758.

To be continued Monthly. Price *Eight Pence.*

Prodesse & Delectare — *E Pluribus Unum.*

By *Urbanus Filter.*

Kind Reader, --- Pray, what would you have me do
If, out of Twenty, I ſhould pleaſe but Two?
One like's the Turkey's Wing, and one the Leg.
The Vulgar *boil* (the Learned *roaſt*) an Egg.

Boſton: Printed and Sold by Benjamin Mecom, *at* The *New* Printing-Office, *near the Court-Houſe.*

Poetical *Dedication* to a good *Old Gentleman.*

SIR,

YOU are the MAN *who Counsel can bestow,*
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know;
Unbias'd or by Favour, or by Spight;
Nor dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Thô learn'd, well-bred; and thô well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanely severe;
Who to a Friend his Faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the Merit of a Foe;
Bless'd with a Taste *exact, yet unconfin'd;*
A Knowledge both of Books and Human Kind;
Generous Discourse; a Soul exempt from Pride;
And love to praise, with Reason on your Side.
Thô old, *you still retain your manly Flame;*
Your Energy of Mind is still the same.
Virtuous and wise you are, not sternly *wrong,*
And still remember that you once was YOUNG.
Your easy Presence *checks no decent Joys,*
Which gains the Confidence of Girls and Boys.
You *e'en the Dissolute admire and court,*
(Attracted by your Freedom *of Deport)*
Put on a graceful Looseness, *when 'tis fit,*
And, laughing, can instruct the blunteſt WIT.
Much have you read and heard, much more have seen,
And seldom ask What does the Author mean? *[seen,*
You study from the Life, and We may find,
That, by Originals, you read Mankind.

To you the Wit of Greece *and* Rome *is known,*
And every Author's Merit --- but your own.
Careless of Censure, nor too fond of Fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame.

Averse

Averſe alike to flatter or offend;
A firm, unſhaken, uncorrupted Friend.

You've learnt to make the Public Bliſs your own,
And ſcorn to think or act for Self alone.
The filial Thought, fond Wiſh, and kindred Tear,
Make You *the Parent, and the Friend ſincere:*
To theſe, in cloſeſt Bands of Love, ally'd,
You live their Honour, *and will die* their Pride:
You bravely ſtrove upon your own *to raiſe*
Their *Honour, Grandeur, Dignity, and Praiſe.*

Ambition *fills with Charity your Mind;*
You pant to be the Friend of all Mankind.
Ready you ſtand your chearful Aid to lend:
To Want and Woe an undemanded Friend.
Nor thus advancing Others *Bliſs alone,*
But, in your Way to theirs, ſtill find your own:
Unto Your MAKER *thus* BEST *Homage pay;*
Thus peaceful walk thrô VIRTUE's *pleaſant Way;*
HER *gentle Image on your Soul impreſs'd,*
Bids each tempeſtuous Paſſion leave your Breaſt.
Such! ſuch! YOU *are. --- The Muſe's Judge and Friend,*
Who juſtly knows to blame or to commend;
To Failings mild; but zealous for Deſert;
The cleareſt Head, *and the* ſincereſt Heart.

I am, with the *utmoſt Gratitude* for all your Favours, --- the *profoundeſt Regard* for your Perſon, --- and the *greateſt Eſteem* and *Veneration* for your UNDERSTANDING,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, moſt obedient,
and moſt humble Servant,

Urbanus Filter.

To the honourable *Republic* of LETTERS, in *New-England.*

I play the Loadſtone : — *Uſeleſs and unfit :*
To write myſelf, I draw *an Other's Wit.*

I Hope to deſerve the Merit of *attracting* excellent Productions from Perſons of the greateſt Abilities ; to animate a few young Gentlemen into worthy Purſuits, who will be a Glory to *New-England* ; and at all Times, and by all poſſible Means in my Power, of undermining the Intereſts of Ignorance, Vice and Folly ; and of attempting to ſubſtitute in their Stead, --- Learning, Piety, and good Senſe. It is a very honeſt Action to be ſtudious to produce other Mens Merit ; and I make no Scruple of ſaying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a Thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any Man may be Maſter of who will take Pains enough for it. Much Obſervation of the Unworthineſs in being pained at the Excellence of another, at laſt brought me to a Scorn of myſelf for that Unworthineſs : and when I got ſo far, I quickly found it a greater Pleaſure than I ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praiſe-worthy. I do not ſpeak this as pretending to be a mortified ſelf-denying Man, but as One who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel.

Urbanus Filter.

The *Deſign*, &c.

THE chief Deſign of this MAGAZINE is to increaſe, collect and amplify old and new and entertaining and uſeful Remarks; to confirm improve and illuſtrate eſtabliſhed Doctrines; to communicate uncommon Truths and *Intelligence*, conſiſting of ſuch Parts as may gratify the Curioſity and improve the Minds of Perſons of all Conditions, and of each Sex. --- To promote which good Deſign, we may reaſonably hope for the Aſſiſtance of GENIUS, in order to illuminate the ſeveral *Numbers*, with a richer and more delightful Variety of Examples, to form a *Pocket Volume* or *Volumes* containing different and ſuitable Inſtruction and Entertainment for all Perſons, in all Places, and at all Times.

Various Subjects are almoſt endleſs, and *new* Writers in the preſent and in following Ages may ſtill find ſufficient Follies, Weakneſſes, and Dangers among Mankind, to be repreſented in ſuch a Manner as to guard Youth againſt them.

As for thoſe Writings which are *moſt known* and moſt *received*, they may be placed in ſo engaging a Light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt Alluſions, as to appear to have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their Truth and Solidity: As we may remember, that any ſingle Circumſtance

ſtance of what we have formerly obſerved, often raiſes up a whole Scene, and awakens many Ideas that before ſlept in the Imagination; ſuch a particular Smell or Colour is able to fill the Mind, on a ſudden, with a Picture of the Fields or Gardens where we firſt met with it, and to bring up into View all the Variety of Images that once attended it. Our Imagination takes the Hint, and leads us unexpectedly into Cities or Theatres, Plains or Meadows. We may further obſerve when the Fancy thus reflects on the Scenes that have paſſed in it formerly, thoſe which were at firſt pleaſant to behold, appear more ſo upon Reflection, and that the Memory heightens the Delightfulneſs of the Original.

And here give me Leave to mention what Mr. Boileau has ſo well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works: That Wit and fine Writing doth not conſiſt ſo much in advancing Things that are *new* as in giving Things that *are known* an applicable or agreeable Turn. It is next to impoſſible for us who live in the latter Ages of the World, to make Obſervations in Criticiſm, Morality, or any Art or Science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common Senſe of Mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, and more uncommon Lights. A *new* Author's *Expreſſion* and *Application* is what we are chiefly to admire: by which prudent Management he may always ſhelter himſelf under the Examples of *great* and *good* Men; and not be diſcouraged at the Apprehenſion of being taxed with *Filching*.

This Magazine, such as it is and will be, I hope may be rendered some Way useful to Persons in younger Years, who will favour it with a Perusal, and who would seek the Cultivation of their own Understandings in the early Days of Life. Perhaps they may find something therein that may awaken a concealed *Genius*, and direct the Studies of a willing Mind. Perhaps it may point out to a Student, now and then, what may employ the most useful Labours of his Thoughts, and quicken his Diligence in the most important Enquiries. Perhaps a sprightly Youth may here meet with something to guard or warn him against Mistakes, and withold him, at other Times, from those Pursuits which are like to prove fruitless, unprofitable and disappointing.

Let it be observed also (agreeable to our Plan) that several of the *Ladies* pursue Science with Success; and others of them are desirous of improving their Reason, even in the common Affairs of Life, as well as the *Men*: yet the Characters which are here drawn, the Precepts which are here given, and the Stories which are here told, are almost universally applied to one Sex; but if any of the other shall find a Character which suits them, they may, by a small Change of the Termination, easily apply and assume it to themselves, and accept the Instruction, the Admonition, and Applause which is designed in any Piece of Writing.

No Man or Woman is obliged to learn and know every Thing; this can neither be sought

or required, for 'tis utterly impossible: yet all Persons are under some Obligation to *improve their own Understanding*, otherwise it will be like a barren Desart, or a Forest overgrown with Weeds and Brambles. Universal Ignorance or infinite Errors will overspread the Mind which is utterly neglected and lies without any Cultivation.

Particular *Skill* in the Sciences is indeed the Business and Profession but of a small Part of Mankind: but there are many others placed in such an exalted Rank in the World, as allows them much Leisure and large Opportunities to cultivate their Reason, and to beautify and enrich their own and the Minds of others, with various Knowledge. Even the lower Orders of Men have particular Callings in Life, wherein they ought to acquire a just Degree of Skill, and this is not to be done well without thinking and *reasoning* about them.

The common Duties and Benefits of Society, which belong to every Man living, as we are social Creatures; and even our native and necessary Relations to a Family, a Neighbourhood, or a Government, oblige all Persons whatsoever to use their *reasoning Powers* upon a thousand Occasions; every Hour of Life calls for some regular Exercise of our Judgment as to Times and Things, Persons and Actions; without a prudent and discreet Management in Matters before us, we shall be plunged into perpetual Errors in our Conduct. Now that which should always be practised, must at some Time be learnt.

Besides

Beſides, every Son and Daughter of *Adam* has a moſt important Concern in the Affairs of a Life to come, and therefore it is a Matter of the higheſt Moment for every one to underſtand, to judge, and to reaſon right about the Things of Religion. 'Tis in vain for any to ſay, *We have no Leiſure or Time for it.* The daily Intervals of Time and neceſſary Vacancies from Labour, together with the one Day in ſeven in the *Chriſtian* World, allows ſufficient Time for this, if Men would apply themſelves to it with half as much Zeal and Diligence as they do to the Trifles and Amuſements of this Life; and it would turn to infinitely better Account.

Thus it appears to be the neceſſary Duty and the Intereſt of every Perſon living to *improve his Underſtanding*, to *inform his Judgment*, to *treaſure up uſeful Knowledge*, and to *acquire the Skill of good Reaſoning* as far as his Station, Capacity and Circumſtances furniſh him with *proper Means* for it. Our Miſtakes in Judgment may plunge us into much Folly and Guilt in Practice. By acting without Thought or Reaſon we diſhonour the GOD that made us reaſonable Creatures, we often become injurious to our *Neighbours*, *Kindred or Friends*, and we bring Sin and Miſery upon *our Selves*: for we are accountable to God our Judge for every Part of our irregular and miſtaken Conduct, where He hath given us ſufficient Advantages to guard againſt thoſe Miſtakes.

Hæc

Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis ſolatium et perfugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur. Tull.

Theſe Studies improve Youth; delight old Age; are the Ornament of Proſperity, and Refuge of Adverſity; pleaſe at home; are no Incumbrance abroad; lodge with us, travel with us, and retire into the Country with us.

Extracts from the Rev. Jonathan Townſend's *Convention* SERMON, *lately printed.*

PRivate Chriſtians, or Perſons who are in *no* public Eccleſiaſtical Station, may be *(ſeveral Ways)* helpful to the Miniſters of the Goſpel, *viz.*

1. *By ſupplying them with* little Books *of* Knowledge *and* Devotion, *to be diſperſed among young and old, looſe and ignorant, proſperous and afflicted.* A *little Book* will, moſt an end, be more valued, and may be a more laſting Benefit than ten Times the Worth of it in Money: for Miniſters, ordinarily, are not able to do much in this Way, at their own Charge; yet there are ſome of our People who are able; and if ſuch would abate ſome of their needleſs Expences, and improve it in this Manner, none can tell how great Good may be done by it.

2. *By walking in the Paths of Virtue, Sobriety, and Holineſs.* For Miniſters to ſee their People ſober-minded, virtuous, regular in their Walk, ordering

ordering their Converſations aright, according to the Goſpel: juſt, temperate, and their *whole* Behaviour ſuch as becometh Holineſs; this would greatly encourage and ſupport them, they would proceed in their Work with ſo much the more Life and Eaſe, and go on their Way rejoicing: whereas the Contrary greatly diſpirits them; they go mourning all the Day if they have Reaſon to ſay, *All the Day long I have ſtretched out my Hand to a diſobedient and gainſaying People. Lord, who hath believed our Report, and to whom hath the Arm of the Lord been revealed?* They therefore who ſit under the Preaching of God's holy Word ſhould ſtrengthen the Hands and encourage the Hearts of their Miniſters, by their own blameleſs and holy Lives. This is the Will of God, even our Sanctification. Holineſs in Heart, Lip, and Life is pleaſing to God, and to his Miniſters alſo: Therefore, as he who hath called us is holy, ſo we ſhould be holy in all Manner of Converſation. Such a Life, ſuch fruitful Chriſtianity, would rejoice the Hearts of thoſe who are preaching unto you; ſuch holy walking would enable them to bear up ſo much the better under their other Trials, and enable them to glory even in Tribulations.

3. *By ſtanding by and appearing for them, when injured and inſulted by the Looſe and Prophane.* Slight and Scorn of many, Contempt and Reproach, Slanders and cruel Mockings, are and have been the Lot of the faithful Miniſters of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. There too

often is a corrupt and lewd Party who will perſecute thoſe who are pious peaceable and faithful, with their Tongues, when their Hands are tied: now ſuch as theſe ſhould not be countenanced by the Sober and Religious, but be frowned upon, and the injured and inſulted Miniſtry pleaded for, and defended: the Miniſter ſhould be protected from his Adverſaries by ſuch as profeſs themſelves his and Religion's Friends, adhered to by them, and his Innocency vindicated from unjuſt Reproaches. I cloſe this Head with the Words of a ſerious Divine [The Rev. Mr. *Samuel Mather*] in the other *England*. "As for them who neither regard "God nor Man, we expect no Thing from "them but Slanders and Abuſes; they are "the Devil's Inſtruments: but as for you who "profeſs Religion, and who, it may be, re"ceive the Body of Chriſt from our Hands, "we think you ſhould not do Satan's Drudgery, "by raiſing Diſturbances and Quarrels, but "leave that to men of another Character."

Quinteſſence of Books.

A Man who publiſhes his Works in a Volume has an infinite Advantage over One who communicates his Writings to the World in looſe Tracts and ſingle Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any Thing in a bulky Volume, till after ſome heavy Preamble and ſeveral Words of Cuſtom, to prepare the Reader for what follows: Nay, Authors have eſtabliſhed

eſtabliſhed it as a kind of Rule, That a Man ought to be dull ſometimes; as the moſt ſevere Reader makes Allowance for many Reſts and Nodding-places in a voluminous Writer. This gave Occaſion to the famous *Greek* Proverb, *A great Book is a great Evil.*

On the Contrary, thoſe who publiſh their Thoughts in diſtinct Sheets or ſhort Pamphlets, and as it were by Piece-meal, have none of theſe Advantages. We muſt immediately fall into our Subject, and treat ever Part of it in a lively Manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and inſipid: Our Matter muſt lie cloſe together, and either be wholly new in itſelf, or in the Turn it receives from our Inventions and Expreſſions. Were the Books of our beſt Authors thus to be retailed to the Public, and every Page ſubmitted to the Taſte of twenty or thirty Thouſand Readers, I am afraid we ſhould complain of many worn-out Expreſſions, trifling Obſervations, beaten Topicks, and common Thoughts, which go off very well in the Lump. At the ſame Time, notwithſtanding ſome Pamphlets may be made up of broken Hints, and irregular Sketches, it is often expected that every Sheet ſhould be a Kind of Treatiſe, and make out in Thought what it wants in Bulk: That a Point of Humour ſhould be worked up in all its Parts; and a Subject touched upon in its moſt eſſential Articles, without the Repetitions, Tautologies, and Enlargements, that are indulged to longer Labours. The ordinary Writers of Morality

preſcribe

preſcribe to their Readers after the Galenic Way; their Medicines are made up in large Quantities, containing many groſs Particles of Language, and much Droſs of Thinking. An Eſſay Writer muſt practiſe in the *chemical* Method, and give the Virtue of a full Draught in a few Drops. Were all Books thus reduced to their Quinteſſence, many bulky Author would make his Appearance in a Penny Paper: There would ſcarce be ſuch a Thing in the World as a Folio: The Works of an Age would be contained on a few Shelves; not to mention Millions of Volumes, that would be utterly annihilated.

Had the wiſe Philoſophers and great Men of Antiquity, who took ſo much Pains in order to inſtruct Mankind, and leave the World wiſer and better than they found it; had they, I ſay, been poſſeſſed of *the Art of* PRINTING, there is no Queſtion but they would have made the greateſt Advantage of it, in dealing out their daily, weekly, *monthly*, or yearly Lectures to the Public: For that noble Art is truly calculated to diffuſe Good Senſe through the Bulk of a People, to clear up their Underſtandings, animate their Minds to virtuous Converſation, diſſipate the Sorrows of a heavy Heart, or unbend the Mind from its more ſerious Employments with innocent Amuſements.

When Knowledge, inſtead of being bound up in Books, and kept in Libraries and Retirements, is *thus obtruded* upon the Public; when

when it is canvaſſed in every Aſſembly, and expoſed upon every Table; I cannot forbear reflecting on that Paſſage in the *Proverbs*: WISDOM *crieth without, ſhe uttereth her Voice in the Streets; ſhe crieth in the chief Place of Corcourſe, in the Openings of the Gates. In the City ſhe uttereth her Words, ſaying, How long, ye ſimple Ones, will ye love Simplicity? and the Scorners delight in their Scorning? and Fools hate Knowledge?*

Of *News* and *Politics.*

IN *New-England*, it is impoſſible for a Man who has a Vote to give, not to have ſome Concern in *Public Affairs*. The Talk of the Times, the very News of the Day, with a Deſire of being acceptable in familiar Converſation, *muſt* make a Perſon concerned. In his own Defence then, and to preſerve himſelf from the Fallicies of intereſted Men, he ought to acquaint himſelf with the Hiſtory of the *Britiſh* Conſtitution in general, and that of *his own Times and Province in particular*. [Thô good Humour, Senſe, and Diſcretion, ſeldom fail to make a Man agreeable, it may be no ill Policy ſometimes to prepare himſelf in a particular Manner for Converſation, by looking a little farther than his Neighbours into whatever is become a *reigning Subject*. If our Armies are beſieging a Place of Importance abroad, or our Houſe of Repreſentatives debating a Bill of Conſequence at home, he can hardly

hardly fail of being heard with Pleaſure, if he has nicely informed himſelf of the Strength, Situation, and Hiſtory of the firſt, or of the Reaſons for and againſt the latter.] The Right of the Subject; the Privilege of the General Court, or Aſſembly; the Power of the Crown; the Pretences of Patriots; and the Affairs of Government; the Riſe, Growth, Extent and Importance of our Commerce; the Neceſſity of Taxes; the Danger of a Military Force; and the Beauty of a regular Militia. Theſe Subjects are for the Amuſement and Advantage of our riper Years; that when we are called upon to name our Repreſentatives in the General Court, we may be able to judge for ourſelves of the Virtue or Ability of the Gentlemen; to explain the Services we expect from them; and, if Need be, furniſh out a Proof of how far ~~he~~ may be depended upon to inforce Privileges, to redreſs Grievances; and ſtand in the Gap between the Encroachments of Power, however diſguiſed, and the Liberties and Properties of a defenceleſs People. But notwithſtanding we cannot help being ſomewhat engaged in *Politics*, we ſhould avoid being connected with any PARTY whatever, becauſe it is always a a Sign of Slavery to our own Paſſions, or thoſe of other Men, which every one who aſpires after Freedom and Independency, will alway carefully ſhun.

Thus falls (dire Scourge of a diſtracted Age!)
The Knave-led, one-ey'd Monſter, Party-Rage.

The

The Man of Good-Breeding *compared to the* real Philoſopher.

BREEDING, in a moral Senſe, denotes a Perſon's Deportment or Behaviour in the external Offices and Decorums of ſocial Life. In this Senſe, we ſay well-bred, ill-bred, a Man of Breeding, &c. Good-Breeding is hard to be defined; and none can underſtand the Speculation, put thoſe who have the Practice. Good-Breeding amounts to much the ſame with what is otherwiſe called Politeneſs and (among the Romans) *Urbanity*. Good-Breeding is near to Virtue, and will of itſelf lead a Man a great Part of the Way towards the ſame: It teaches him to rejoice in Acts of Civility, to ſeek out Objects of Compaſſion, and be pleaſed with every Occaſion of doing good Offices. Lord Shafteſbury compares the well-bred Man with the real Philoſopher: Both Characters aim at what is excellent, aſpire to a juſt Taſte, and carry in View the Model of what is beautiful and becoming. The Conduct of the well-bred Man is formed according to the moſt perfect Eaſe and good Entertainment of Company: The Conduct of the real Philoſopher, according to the ſtricteſt Intereſt of Mankind; the one, according to his Rank and Quality in his private Station; the other, according to his Rank and Dignity in Nature. Horace ſeems to have united both Characters;

Quid verum atque decens, *curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum.* HORACE.

What *right*, what *true*, what *fit* we juſtly call,
Let *this* be all MY Care,--- for *this* is All.

A LETTER from Father *Abraham*, to his beloved Son.

Dear Iſaac,

YOU frequently deſire me to give you ſome *Advice*, in Writing. There is, perhaps, no other valuable Thing in the World, of which ſo great a Quantity is *given*, and ſo little *taken*. Men do not generally err in their Conduct ſo much through Ignorance of their Duty, as thrô Inattention to their own Faults, or thrô ſtrong Paſſions and bad Habits; and, therefore, till that Inattention is cured, or thoſe Paſſions reduced under the Government of Reaſon, *Advice* is rather reſented as a Reproach, than gratefully acknowledged and followed.

Suppoſing then, that from the many good Sermons you have heard, good Books read, and good Admonitions received from your Parents and others, your Conſcience is by this Time pretty well informed, and capable of adviſing you, if you attentively liſten to it, I ſhall not fill this Letter with Leſſons or Precepts of Morality and Religion; but rather recommend to you, that in order to obtain a *clear* Sight and *conſtant* Senſe of your Errors, you would ſet apart a Portion of every Day for the Purpoſe of *Self-Examination*, and trying your daily Actions by that Rule of Rectitude implanted by GOD in your Breaſt. The proper-

eſt Time

Time for this, is when you are retiring to Reſt; then carefully review the Tranſactions of the paſt Day; and conſider how far they have agreed with *what you know* of your Duty to God and to Man, in the ſeveral Relations you ſtand in of a Subject to the Government, Servant to your Maſter, a Son, a Neighbour, a Friend, *&c.* When, by this Means, you have diſcovered the Faults of the Day, acknowledge them to God, and humbly beg of him not only Pardon for what is paſt, but Strength to fulfil your ſolemn Reſolutions of guarding againſt them for the Future. Obſerving this Courſe ſteadily for ſome Time, you will find (through God's Grace aſſiſting) that your Faults are continually diminiſhing, and your Stock of Virtue encreaſing; in Conſequence of which you will grow in Favour both with GOD and Man.

I repeat it, that for the Acquirement of ſolid, uniform, ſteady Virtue, nothing contributes more, than a daily ſtrict SELF-EXAMINATION, by the Lights of Reaſon, Conſcience, and the Word of GOD; joined with firm Reſolutions of amending what you find amiſs, and fervent Prayer for Grace and Strength to execute thoſe Reſolutions. --- This Method is very antient. 'Twas recommended by *Pythagoras*, in his truly *Golden Verſes*, and practiſed ſince in every Age, with Succeſs, by Men of all Religions. Thoſe golden Verſes, as tranſlated by *Rowe*, are well worth your Reading, and even getting by Heart. The Part relating

A LETTER from Father *Abraham*, to his beloved Son.

Dear Iſaac,

YOU frequently deſire me to give you ſome *Advice*, in Writing. There is, perhaps, no other valuable Thing in the World, of which ſo great a Quantity is *given*, and ſo little *taken*. Men do not generally err in their Conduct ſo much through Ignorance of their Duty, as thrô Inattention to their own Faults, or thrô ſtrong Paſſions and bad Habits; and, therefore, till that Inattention is cured, or thoſe Paſſions reduced under the Government of Reaſon, *Advice* is rather reſented as a Reproach, than gratefully acknowledged and followed.

Suppoſing then, that from the many good Sermons you have heard, good Books read, and good Admonitions received from your Parents and others, your Conſcience is by this Time pretty well informed, and capable of adviſing you, if you attentively liſten to it, I ſhall not fill this Letter with Leſſons or Precepts of Morality and Religion; but rather recommend to you, that in order to obtain a *clear* Sight and *conſtant* Senſe of your Errors, you would ſet apart a Portion of every Day for the Purpoſe of *Self-Examination*, and trying your daily Actions by that Rule of Rectitude implanted by GOD in your Breaſt. The proper-

eſt Time

Time for this, is when you are retiring to Reſt; then carefully review the Tranſactions of the paſt Day; and conſider how far they have agreed with *what you know* of your Duty to God and to Man, in the ſeveral Relations you ſtand in of a Subject to the Government, Servant to your Maſter, a Son, a Neighbour, a Friend, *&c.* When, by this Means, you have diſcovered the Faults of the Day, acknowledge them to God, and humbly beg of him not only Pardon for what is paſt, but Strength to fulfil your ſolemn Reſolutions of guarding againſt them for the Future. Obſerving this Courſe ſteadily for ſome Time, you will find (through God's Grace aſſiſting) that your Faults are continually diminiſhing, and your Stock of Virtue encreaſing; in Conſequence of which you will grow in Favour both with GOD and Man.

I repeat it, that for the Acquirement of ſolid, uniform, ſteady Virtue, nothing contributes more, than a daily ſtrict SELF-EXAMINATION, by the Lights of Reaſon, Conſcience, and the Word of GOD; joined with firm Reſolutions of amending what you find amiſs, and fervent Prayer for Grace and Strength to execute thoſe Reſolutions. --- This Method is very antient. 'Twas recommended by *Pythagoras*, in his truly *Golden Verſes*, and practiſed ſince in every Age, with Succeſs, by Men of all Religions. Thoſe golden Verſes, as tranſlated by *Rowe*, are well worth your Reading, and even getting by Heart. The Part relating

to this Matter I have tranſcribed, to give you a Taſte of them, *viz.*

Let not the ſtealing God of Sleep ſurprize,
Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,
Ere ev'ry Action of the former Day,
Strictly *thou doſt, and* righteouſly *ſurvey.*
With Reverence at thy own Tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own Demand.
Where have I been? In what have I tranſgreſt?
What Good or Ill has this Day's Life expreſt?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to GOD, *to Man, or to myſelf I owe?*
Inquire ſevere whate'er from firſt to laſt,
From Morning's Dawn till Ev'nings Gloom has paſt.
If Evil were thy Deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy Soul with ſtrong Remorſe be torn:
If Good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,
And to thy ſecret Self with Pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well to Day.

And that no Paſſage to your Improvement in Virtue may be kept ſecret, it is not ſufficient that you make Uſe of *Self-Examination* alone; therefore I have alſo added a *golden Extract* from *a favourite* OLD BOOK, to inſtruct you in the prudent and deliberate Choice of ſome diſintereſted Friend, to remind you of ſuch Miſconduct as muſt neceſſarily eſcape your ſevereſt Inquiry: Which is as follows;

Every prudent Man ought to be jealous and fearful of himſelf, leſt he run away too haſtily with a Likelihood inſtead of Truth; and abound too much in his own Underſtanding. All Conditions are equal, that is, Men may be contented in every Condition: For Security is equal to Splendor; Health to Pleaſure, &c. *Every Condition of Life has its Enemies, for* Deus poſuit duo & duo, unum contra unum, *A rich Man hath Enemies ſometimes for no other Reaſon than becauſe he is rich; the poor Man hath as poor Neighbours, or rich Ones that gape after that ſmall Profit which he enjoys.*

joys. The Poor very often subsist merely by Knavery and Rapine among each other. Beware, therefore, how you offend any Man, for he that is displeased at your Words or Actions, commonly joins against you, without putting the best *Construction on (or endeavouring to find out a reasonable Excuse for) them. And be sure you* hate *no Man, though you think him a worthless or unjust Person. Never* envy *any one above you: You have Enemies enough by the common Course of Human Nature; be cautious not to encrease the Number; and rather procure as many Friends as you can, to countenance and strengthen you. Every Man has also an Enemy within himself. Every Man is choleric and covetous, or gentle and generous by Nature. Man is naturally a beneficent Creature: But there are many external Objects and Accidents, met with as we go through Life, which* seem *to make great Alterations in our natural Dispositions and Desires. A Man naturally passionate and greedy, may, to all Appearance, become complaisant and hospitable, merely by Force of Instruction and Discipline; and so the Contrary. 'Tis in vain for a passionate Man to say,* I am pardonable *because* it is natural to me, *when we can perhaps point out to him an Example in his next Neighbour, who was* once *affected in the very same Manner, and could say as much to defend himself, who is now exceedingly* different *in his Behaviour, and quite free from those unhappy Affections which disturbed his Repose so often, not long ago, and become a chearful, facetious, and profitable Companion to his Friends, and a Pattern of Humility to all around him.*

Nothing was ever well done or said in a Passion. *One Man's Infirmities and bad Inclinations may be harder to conquer than another Man's, according to the various and* secret *Circumstances that attend them; but they are all capable of being conquered, or very much improved for the better, except they have been suffered to* take Root in Old Age; *in this Case it is most convenient to let them* have their own Way, *as the Phrase is.*

The strongest of our natural Passions are seldom perceived by us; a choleric Man does not always discover when he is angry, nor an envious Man when he is invidious; at most they think they commit no great Faults.

Therefore it is necessary that you should have a MONITOR. *Most Men are very indifferent Judges of themselves,*

ſelves, and often think they do well when they ſin; and imagine they commit only ſmall Errors, when they are guilty of Crimes. It is in Human Life as in the Arts and Sciences; their plaineſt Doctrines are eaſily comprehended, but the fineſt Points cannot be diſcovered without the cloſeſt Attention; of theſe Parts only the wiſe and ſkilful in the Art or Science, can be deemed competent Judges. Many Vices and Follies reſemble their oppoſite Virtues and Prudence; they border upon, and ſeem to mix with each other; and therefore the exact Line of Diviſion betwixt them is hard to aſcertain. Pride reſembles a generous Spirit; Superſtition and Enthuſiaſm frequently reſemble true Religion; a laudable worthy Ambition reſembles an unworthy Self-Sufficiency; Government reſembles Tyranny; Liberty reſembles Licentiouſneſs; Subjection reſembles Slavery; Covetouſneſs reſembles Frugality; Prodigality reſembles Generoſity; and ſo of the Reſt. Prudence chiefly conſiſts in that Excellence of Judgment, which is capable of diſcerning the MEDIUM; *or of acting ſo as not to intermingle the one with the other; and in being able to aſſign to every Cauſe its* proper *Actions and Effects. It is therefore neceſſary for every Perſon who deſires to be a wiſe Man, to* take particular Notice of HIS OWN Actions, *and of* HIS OWN Thoughts and Intentions *which are the Original of his Actions; with great Care and Circumſpection; otherwiſe he can never arrive to that Degree of Perfection which conſtitutes the amiable Character he aſpires after. And, leſt all this Diligence ſhould be inſufficient, as Partiality to himſelf will certainly render it, it is very requiſite for him to* chuſe a FRIEND, *or* MONITOR, *who muſt be allowed the greateſt Freedom to adverti ſe and remind him of his Failings, and to point out Remedies. Such a One, I mean, as is a diſcreet and virtuous Perſon; but eſpecially One that does not creep after the Acquaintance of, or play the Spaniel to,* great *Men; One who does not covet Employments which are known to be ſcandalous for Opportunities of Injuſtice: One who can bridle his Tongue and curb his Wit; One that can converſe with himſelf, and induſtriouſly attends upon his own Affairs whatever they be. Find out ſuch a* Man; *inſinuate yourſelf into a Confidence with him; and deſire him to obſerve your Converſation and Behaviour; intreat him to admoniſh you of what he thinks amiſs, in a ſerious and friendly Manner; importune his Modeſty till he condeſcends to grant your Requeſt.*

Request. --- *Do not imagine that you live one Day without Faults, or that those Faults are undiscovered. Most Men see that in another, which they can not or will not see in themselves: And he is happiest, who through the whole Course of his Life, can attain to a reasonable Freedom from Sin and Folly, even by the Help of* Old Age, *that great Mortifier and Extinguisher of our Lusts and Passions. If such a Monitor informs you of any Misconduct, whether you know his Interpretations to be true or false, take it not only* patiently, *but* thankfully; *and be careful to reform. Thus you get and keep a Friend, break the inordinate and mischievous Affection you bore towards your Frailties, and advance yourself in Wisdom and Virtue. When you consider that you must give an Account of your Actions to your vigilant Reprover; that other Men see the same Imperfections in you as he does; and that it is impossible for a good Man to enjoy the Advantages of Friendship, except he first puts off those Qualities which render him subject to Flattery, that is, except he first cease to flatter himself. A good, a generous* Christian *Minister, or worthy sensible Parents, may be suitable Persons for such a difficult Office; difficult, though it should be performed by* familiar *Conversation. And how much more meritorious of Entertainment are People of such a Character, than those who come to your Table to* make Faces, *talk Nonsense, devour your Substance, censure their Neighbours, flatter and deride you? Remember that if a Friend tells you of a Fault, always imagine that he does not tell you the whole, which is commonly the Truth; for he desires your Reformation, but is loth to offend you. And* nunquam sine querela aegra tanguntur.

I know, dear Son, Ambition *fills your Mind,*
And in Life's Voyage, is th' impelling Wind;
But, at the Helm, let sober Reason stand,
To steer the Bark with Heav'n directed Hand:
So shall you safe Ambition's *Gales receive,*
And ride securely, though the Billows heave;
So shall you shun the giddy Hero's Fate,
And by her Influence be both good and great.

She bids you first, in Life's soft vernal Hours,
With active Industry wake Nature's Pow'rs;

With riſing Years ſtill riſing Arts diſplay,
With new-born Graces mark each new-born Day.
'Tis now the Time young Paſſion *to command,*
While yet the pliant Stem obeys the Hand;
Guide now the Courſer with a ſteady Rein,
E'er yet he bounds o'er Pleaſure's flowery Plain;
In Paſſion's Strife no Medium you can have;
You rule, a Maſter; or ſubmit, a Slave.

To conclude. --- You are juſt entering into the World: Beware of the *firſt Acts* of Diſhoneſty: They preſent themſelves to the Mind under *ſpecious Diſguiſes*, and *plauſible Reaſons* of Right and Equity: But being admitted, they open the Way for admitting others, that are *but a little* more diſhoneſt, which are followed by others *a little* more knaviſh than they, till by Degrees, however ſlow, a Man becomes an *habitual* Sharper, and at length a *conſummate Raſcal* and Villain. Then farewel all Peace of Mind, and inward Satisfaction; all Eſteem, Confidence, and Reputation among Mankind. And indeed if *outward* Reputation could be preſerved, what Pleaſure can it afford to a Man that muſt *inwardly* deſpiſe himſelf, whoſe own Baſeneſs will, in Spite of his Endeavours to forget it, be ever preſenting itſelf to his View. If you have a *Sir-Reverence* in your Breeches, what ſignifies it if you *appear* to Others neat and clean and genteel, when you *know* and *feel* yourſelf to be b----t. I make no Apology for the Compariſon, however coarſe, ſince none can be too much ſo for a defiled and foul Conſcience. But never flatter yourſelf with *Concealment*; 'tis impoſſible to laſt

laſt long. One Man may be too cunning for another Man, but not for *all Men* : Some Body or other will ſmell you out, or ſome Accident will diſcover you ; or who can be ſure that he ſhall never be heard to talk in his Sleep, or be delirious in a Fever, when the working Mind uſually throws out Hints of what has inwardly affected it ? Of this there have been many Inſtances ; ſome of which are within the Compaſs of your own Knowledge.

Whether you chuſe to act in a public or a private Station, if you would maintain the perſonal Character of a Man of Sincerity, Integrity and Virtue, there is a Neceſſity of becoming *really good*, if you would *do good* : For the thin Diſguiſes of *pretended* private Virtue and Public Spirit, are eaſily ſeen through ; the Hypocrite detected and expoſed. For this Reaſon then, *My dear* Isaac, as well as for many others, be ſincere, candid, honeſt, well-meaning, and upright, in all you do and ſay ; be *really* good, if you would *appear* ſo : Your Life then ſhall give Strength to your *Counſels* ; and though you ſhould be found but an indifferent *Speaker* or *Writer*, you ſhall not be without Praiſe for the Benevolence of your Intention.

But, again, ſuppoſe it poſſible for a Knave to preſerve a fair Character among Men, and even to approve his own Actions, what is that to the Certainty of his being diſcovered and deteſted by the all-ſeeing Eye of *that righteous* Being, who made and governs the World,

whoſe

whoſe juſt Hand never fails to do right and to puniſh Iniquity, and whoſe Approbation, Favour, and Friendſhip, is worth the Univerſe?

Heartily wiſhing you every Accompliſhment that can make a Man amiable and valuable, to HIS Protection I commit you, being, with ſincere Affection, *dear Son*,

Your very loving Father,

Abraham.

THE Flower of a MAN's YOUTH *commences from his Infancy, and terminates at his full Stature or Manhood. This Period of Human Life is commonly computed from* 15 *to* 25 *Years of Age. Among the* Romans, *it was reckoned from* 12 *to* 25, *in Boys; and from* 12 *to* 21, *in Girls.*

The Man of Taſte.

TASTE is uſed, in a figurative Senſe, for the Judgment and Diſcernment of the Mind. — We conſtantly hear Talk of good and bad *Taſte*, without well underſtanding the Meaning of ſuch Terms.—A *good Taſte* ſeems to be little elſe than *right Reaſon*, which we otherwiſe expreſs by the Word *Judgment*. — Madam Scuddery and Madam Dacier call Good Taſte *A Harmony between the Mind and Reaſon*; and, according as that Harmony is more or leſs *juſt*, the Perſon has more or leſs of *this Taſte*. —— In ſhort, *A Man of* TASTE *is a Man of* DIS-TASTE.

What is this *Wit*, which muſt our Cares employ?
The Owner's Wife that other Men enjoy;
Then moſt our Trouble ſtill, when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe Fame with Pains we guard, but loſe with Eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe.
Talk what you will of WIT and TASTE, you'll find
Two of a Face as ſoon as of a Mind.

An Eſſay on *Envy.*

The ill ſtate of the envious man; his reliefs; the way to obtain his favour.

OBſerving one behold another, who was an utter ſtranger to him, with a caſt of his eye, which, methought, expreſſed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raiſed by an object ſo agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to conſider, not without ſome ſecret ſorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have, by their facination, blaſted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon ſays, ſome have been ſo curious as to remark the times and ſeaſons when the ſtroke of an envious eye is moſt effectually pernicious, and have obſerved, that it has been when the perſon envied has been in any circumſtance of glory and triumph. At ſuch a time the mind of the proſperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more expoſed to the malignity. But I ſhall not dwell upon ſpeculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miſerable affection; but, keeping in the road of common life, conſider the envious man with relation to theſe three heads; his Pains, his Reliefs, and his Happineſs.

1. The envious man is in Pain upon all occaſions which ought to give him pleaſure.

The

The reliſh of his life is inverted; and the objects which adminiſter the higheſt ſatisfaction to thoſe who are exempt from this paſſion, give the quickeſt pangs to perſons who are ſubject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious: youth, beauty, valour, and wiſdom, are provocations of their diſpleaſure. What an apoſtate ſtate is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man becauſe we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or ſucceſs, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot againſt his quiet, by ſtudying their own happineſs and advantage. Will Proſper is an honeſt tale-bearer, he makes it his buſineſs to join in converſation with envious men. He points to ſuch an handſome young fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great fortune: when they doubt, he adds circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their diſtreſs, by aſſuring them that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him ſome thouſands. *Will* has many arts of this kind to torture this ſort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and ſay faintly, they wiſh ſuch a piece of news is true, he has the malice to ſpeak ſome good or other, of every man of their acquaintance.

2. The Reliefs of the envious man are thoſe little blemiſhes and imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an illuſtrious character. It is matter

matter of great conſolation to an envious perſon, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himſelf: or when any action which was well executed, upon better information, appears ſo altered in its circumſtances, that the fame of it is divided among many, inſtead of being attributed to one. This is a ſecret ſatisfaction to theſe malignants; for the perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition, as ſoon as his merit is ſhared among others. I remember there ſome years ago came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits who were uncapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the ſuppoſed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to ſuppreſs the opinion that it was his. That again failed. Then they ſaid it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honeſt fellow who ſat among a cluſter of them in debate on this ſubject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you yourſelves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual ſuccour to the envious, in caſes of nameleſs merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if poſſible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular perſon. You ſee an envious man clear up his countenance, if, in the relation of any man's great happineſs in one point, you mention his uneaſineſs in another. When he hears ſuch a one is very rich, he turns pale, but recovers

covers when you add, that he has many children. In a word, the only ſure way to an envious man's favour is not to deſerve it.

3. But if we conſider the envious man in Delight, it is like reading the ſeat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his houſe conſiſts in the many limbs of men whom he has ſlain. If any, who promiſed themſelves ſucceſs in any uncommon undertaking miſcarry in the attempt; or he, that aimed at what would have been uſeful and laudable, meets with contempt and deriſion, the envious man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can ſmile, with an inward wantonneſs of heart, at the ill effect it may have upon an honeſt ambition for the future.

The general Duties of Man.

A Wiſe Man (ſays Dr. *Swift*) who doth not aſſiſt with his Counſels; a great Man with his Protection; a rich Man with his Bounty and Charity; and a poor Man with his Labour; are perfect Nuſances in a Common-Wealth. Neither is any Condition of Life more honourable, in the Sight of *God*, than another; otherwiſe he would be a Reſpecter of Perſons, which he aſſureth us he is not: For he hath propoſed the ſame Salvation to all Men, and hath only placed them in different Ways or Stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more Advantages or Strength or Wiſdom, than other Men.

On the USE, ABUSE, *and* LIBERTY of the PRESS, *with a little ſalutary* Advice.

WHether the *Art of Printing* has been of greater Service or Detriment to the World, has frequently been made the Subject of fruitleſs Controverſy. The beſt Things have been perverted to ſerve the vileſt Purpoſes; their being therefore ſubject to Abuſe, is an illogical Argument againſt their Utility. Before the Invention of the Preſs, the Progreſs of Knowledge was ſlow, becauſe the Methods of diffuſing it, were laborious and expenſive. The ſhorteſt Production was too coſtly to its Author; and unleſs the Writer had an opulent Fortune, or rich Patrons to pay off his Amanuenſes or Clerk, he was driven to the Neceſſity of retailing his Compoſitions. To arrive at Fame and literary Glory, was not in the Power of every great Genius; and doubtleſs Poſterity has loſt the Sentiments of many eminent Men, which might have been equally uſeful and important with the Writings of thoſe who make the brighteſt Appearance in the Annals of Fame. It is otherwiſe ſince the Diſcovery of the Art of *Printing*. The moſt inferior Genius, however impoveriſhed, can ſpread his Thoughts through a Kingdom. The Public has the Advantage of the Sentiments of all its Individuals. Through the Preſs Writers of every Character and Accompliſhment, may promulge or publiſh their Opinions, and all conſpire to rear and ſupport

the Republic of Letters. The Patriot can, by this Means, diffuſe his ſalutary Principles through the Breaſts of his Countrymen, interpoſe his friendly Advice unaſked, warn them againſt approaching Danger, unite them againſt the Arm of deſpotic Power, and, perhaps (at the Expence of a few Sheets of Paper, the cheap Implements of Writing, and a little *Time*) ſave the State from impending Deſtruction. The Divine is not confined within the narrow Limits of his *particular* Duties, but may preach in his Writings to the whole World: Like Powers in Mechanics, he does, as it were, multiply himſelf; for at the Inſtant he viſits the Sick of his own Congregation, he is perhaps conſoling Hundreds againſt the Fears of Death, in foreign Nations and different Languages, in ſeparate Provinces and diſtinct Pariſhes, and preaching to many Thouſands at the ſame Time. And ſurely his Pleaſure muſt equal his Labours, when he reflects that his paſtoral Care extends through the whole chriſtianized World; that however thin and ſecluded his own Congregation may be, yet that ſeveral Nations are within the Sphere of his Influence; that he ſhall even live on this Globe after his Death, and Thouſands whom he never ſaw, be his Crown of rejoicing at the great Day of Judgment. Such alſo are the Advantages of Printing, to the Philoſopher, the Moraliſt, the Lawyer, and Men of every other Profeſſion and Character, whoſe Sentiments may be diffuſed with the greateſt Eaſe and Diſpatch, and

comparatively

comparitively ſpeaking, at a trifling Expence. In ſhort, as the glorious Luminary of the Heavens darts its Rays with incredible Velocity, to the moſt diſtant Confines of our Syſtem, ſo the PRESS, as from one common Center, diffuſes the bright Beams of Knowledge, with prodigious Diſpatch, through the vaſt Extent of the civilized World; in Conſequence of which, the Gloom of Ignorance is diſpelled, and that happy Tone of Mind reſtored and continued, which is the Foundation and Cement of all well-ordered Governments and Societies.

Secrecy is another Advantage, which an Author had not before the Art of Printing was diſcovered. As long as Power may be perverted, from the original Deſign of its being lodged with the Magiſtrate, for protecting the Innocent and puniſhing the Guilty, ſo long it will be neceſſary to conceal the Author who remarks it, from the Malice of the Officer guilty of ſo pernicious a Perverſion; and, by Means of this Art he may write *undiſcovered*, and frequently without *Suſpicion*, as it is impoſſible to diſcover him by the Types of the Preſs.

It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that this uſeful Diſcovery has, like many others, been proſtituted to ſerve the baſeſt Ends. This great Means of Knowledge, this grand Security of Civil Liberty, has been the Tool of arbitrary Power, Popery, Bigotry, Superſtition, Profaneneſs, and even of Ignorance itſelf. The Preſs groans under the Weight of the moſt horrid

rid Impieties, the moſt ruinous and deſtructive Principles in Religion and Politics, the idleſt Romances, the moſt contemptible Fuſtian, Slander and Impotence. But to ſhut up the Preſs becauſe it has been abuſed, would be like burning our Bibles, and proſcribing Religion, becauſe its Doctrines have been diſobeyed and miſrepreſented; or like throwing off all Law and Reſtraint, and ſinking into a State of Nature, becauſe the over-grown Power of the Civil Ruler, abuſing his Truſt, has ſacrificed the Lives and Properties of his Subjects, to lawleſs and tyrannical Sway.

I may venture to lay it down as a Rule, that --- When the Preſs is prejudicial to the Public Weal, it is abuſed; and that --- The Prohibition of printing any Thing, no repugnant or contrary to the Proſperity of the State, is an unjuſtifiable and tyrannical Uſurpation.

Does Corruption or Venality prevail, the Patriot is at Liberty to inveigh againſt and ſuppreſs it. The boldeſt Criminal lies open to Cenſure and Satire, and any Man may expoſe and detect him. The Divine may put Vice at a Stand; every Attack upon the publick Welfare may be reprehended, and every deſtructive Scheme baffled and expoſed; for all Men are free, in that Way, to defeat every Project that is detrimental to the Public. This Privilege is a great One, and we ſhould all conſpire to maintain it. This is the TRUE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, for which *Engliſh-men* ought to contend. Such a Liberty can never be dangerous

gerous either to the Public or their Ruler; but, on the Contrary, may often be neceſſary. What a certain great Politician ſaid of the Freedom of Speech, is ſo applicable to that of the Preſs, that I cannot omit its Inſertion.

"The more (ſays he) Men *expreſs* of their "Hate and Reſentment, perhaps the leſs they "*retain*, and ſometimes they vent the Whole "that Way: But theſe Paſſions, where they "are ſmothered, will be apt to feſter, to grow "venemous, and to diſcharge themſelves by a "more dangerous Organ than the Mouth, ev-"en by an armed and vindictive Hand. Leſs "dangerous is a railing *Mouth*, than a *Heart* "filled and inflamed with Bitterneſs and "Curſes; and more terrible to a Prince ought "to be the ſecret Execrations of his People, "than their open Revilings, or, than even the "Aſſaults of his Enemies."

All thoſe who oppoſe the Freedom I have contended for, --- a Liberty of promoting the common Good of Society, and of publiſhing every Thing elſe not repugnant thereto, --- are Enemies to the Common Wealth.

A Printer ought not to publiſh every Thing that is offered to him, but what is conducive of general Utility, he ſhould not refuſe, be the Author a Chriſtian, Jew, Turk, or Infidel. Such a Refuſal is an immediate Abridgment of the Freedom of the Preſs. When, on the other Hand, he proſtitutes his Art by the Publication of any Thing injurious to his Country, it is criminal, --- it is high Treaſon againſt the State.

Would *Printers* in general take my Advice, they would diſdain to be the Tools of any Party; open their Preſſes to every Writer whoſe Opinions have not a natural Tendency to hurt the Societies of which they are Members; preſerve ſacred and inviolate the Secrets of their Correſpondents; abſtain from publiſhing any Thing that may prove injurious to the Characters of honeſt Men; and, whenever the Reputation of their Fellow-Creatures is attacked, give them the faireſt Opportunity of defending themſelves through their Preſſes; and above all, be ready to print any Thing that is advancive of the Public Weal, without regarding the narrow Reſentments of Party: But, towards their own Security, I would have them remember the Danger of *libelling*; and endeavour to acquire that Medium of *Diſcretion* through which the Public may be *well* ſerved, the People *well* informed, and Them-ſelves *well* ſecured.

LIBELS are injurious Reproaches or Accuſations againſt a Perſon, written and publiſhed in order to expoſe him to public Contempt, Hatred, or Ridicule. The Lawyers ſay, a Libel may be without Writing, as when a Perſon is painted with Aſſes-Ears, a Fool's Coat, *&c.* or when a Gallows, or any other ignominious Sign, is fixed at his Door.

Libels are criminal, becauſe where they are made againſt a private Man, they may be the Means of exciting him or his Friends to ſeek Revenge, and conſequently to break the Peace:

Peace: On this Account it is no Juſtification of a Libel that *its Contents are* TRUE, or that the Perſon libelled has a bad Character; for a Libel is *the more provoking*, in Proportion as it has *the greater Appearance of* TRUTH: It is therefore held, that in a Proſecution on an Indictment or Information, it is not material whether the Matter of a Libel be *true* or *falſe*; but in an Action upon the Caſe, a Defendant may juſtify that the Matter *is true*. The ſending a ſcandalous Letter to the Party himſelf, without ſhewing or publiſhing it to others, is no Libel; though, if it be ſent to a third Perſon, or otherwiſe diſperſed, it is a Publication of the Libel. In the making of Libels, if one dictates, another writes, and a third approves of what is written, they are all deemed Makers or Compoſers of the Libel. The Compoſer, *Procurer* and *Publiſher* of a Libel are liable to a Fine, Impriſonment, the Pillory, or the like corporal Puniſhment, at the DISCRETION of the Court before which the Trial is held, and according to the *Heinouſneſs* of the Offence, in *their Judgment*.

Giving the above Cautions about libelling, brings to my Memory a humorous little Story, publiſhed by Mr. *Spectator*, which may not be improperly applied here; and is as follows:

"An empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *The whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of ſeveral Perſons in the Village, at the Side of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author

thor; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt Books in the World, into a *Libel* againſt the 'Squire, Church-Wardens, Overſeers of the Poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the Pariſh. This Book, with theſe extraordinary marginal Notes, fell into the Hands of One who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current Report, that ſome Body had written a Book againſt the 'Squire, and the whole Pariſh. The Miniſter of the Place having at that Time a Controverſy with ſome of his Congregation, upon the Account of Tithes, was under ſome Suſpicion of being the Author, till the good Man ſet his People right, by ſhewing them that the ſatirical Paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring Towns, and that the Book was writ againſt all the Sinners in *England*."

And further. --- "The Orator, among the Antients, who could harangue the Populace, defend his Friends, or his Friends Friends, and overthrow their Enemies in the Forum, was highly reſpected, and with Reaſon. Thoſe popular Aſſemblies are now diſuſed; but Writing takes Place of Speaking. A great Man's Character is raiſed or depreſſed, Parties ſtrengthened or weakened, new Schemes promoted or defeated, I might ſay Nations governed, by a well wrote Paper or Pamphlet. Very few, however, are qualified to write them. How fine ſoever a Writer's Stile may be,

be, how great ſoever his Underſtanding, his Addreſſes to the Public will have little Weight, if he himſelf does not maintain the perſonal Character of a Man of Sincerity, Integrity and Virtue. Without this, all he propoſes will be ſuſpected of ſiniſter Views, and diſregarded. There are nobler Views, nobler Ends to be obtained by good Writing, than that of advancing one's own Fortune. If the Public are to be inſtructed for their Benefit; if it is neceſſary to the Succeſs of a good Scheme, that it be firſt made popular, or to the defeating of a miſchievous one, that it be made unpopular; if Virtue and Piety are to be encouraged and promoted, the Hands of the Virtuous ſtrengthened, Vice and Impiety diſcountenanced and ſuppreſſed, *good* Writing (aſſiſted by Printing) can do much in all theſe Caſes. And to be ſerviceable to Mankind will afford a more ſolid Satisfaction than the Acquirement of Riches, and be rewarded with Happineſs in that State where our Wealth cannot follow us."

Remarkable Caſe of *Rufus* and *Aurelius.*

HOwever plain and eaſy are the Notions of Right and Wrong, there is ſuch a bewitching Charm in *Self-Intereſt*, that the Mind, intoxicated by this deluſive SYREN, is generally impervious to Truth and Reaſon. It cannot ſtrip

ſtrip the Caſe under its Conſideration of that fallacious Circumſtance, which is the ſole Cauſe of its erroneous Judgment. A Man's own *perſonal Advantage* gives ſo ſtrange a Bias to his Reaſon, that he perceives not his own Injuſtice, where he would condemn the like Action in another with high Diſdain.

RUFUS was an able Caſuiſt, and univerſally celebrated for the Righteouſneſs of his Deciſions, in all Controverſies relating to *meum & tuum* [that is *mine own* and *thine own*] He was a great Proficient in the *civil Law*, and of Probity unſpotted: for Solidity of Judgment, and the Skill of nicely ballancing the ſeveral Degrees of Evidence and Probability, on both Sides, and giving to each their due Weight, he had no Competitor: his independent Fortune, derived from the ample Proviſion of his Anceſtors, enabled him to rival, by his ſage Advice, the moſt eminent Council, without claiming the Title, or expecting the Fees of a Lawyer. Hence, as may well be ſuppoſed, he was frequently ſollicited for his Opinions; which he gave with equal Diſintereſtedneſs and Alacrity. Nor do I remember an Inſtance of any Perſon's appealing from his Sentence. But it happened on a Time (a Time by RUFUS ever remembered with Regret!) that himſelf had a Diſpute with AURELIUS, in which he fell into a Miſtake without being able to diſcover it. AURELIUS, ſatisfied of the Integrity of his Antagoniſt, notwithſtanding the Error of his Judgment, left him, with a Scheme in his

his Head, which he ſoon after executed. He ſent RUFUS the State of a Caſe, ſimilar to his own, between fictitious Perſons, on which he prayed his Opinion. RUFUS decided it without Heſitation; and by the Deciſion, gave a Verdict for AURELIUS againſt himſelf, in the firſt Controverſy.

That beautiful allegorical Fable, delivered in holy Writ, by which the Prophet NATHAN convinced the *Hebrew* Monarch of his Guilt towards URIAH, is a Confirmation of my Doctrine. DAVID, with all his Royal Virtues, could commit Murder and Adultery without Contrition; but pronounced Judgment with Juſtice, againſt the Tranſgreſſor who took away the poor Man's Lamb by Violence.

EXTRACT *from an excellent Dramatic Entertainment entitled* The TOY-SHOP.

A Beau enters and accoſts the Maſter of the Toy-Shop, who is behind his Counter attending on other Cuſtomers.

Beau. PRAY, *Sir, let me ſee ſome of your handſomeſt Snuff-Boxes.*

Maſter. *Here's a plain Gold one, Sir, a very neat Box; here's a Gold enamelled; here's a Silver one, neatly carved and gilt; here's a curious Shell, Sir, ſet in Gold.*

Beau. *Damn your Shells! there's not one of them fit for a Gentleman to put his Fingers into. I want one with ſome pretty Device on the Inſide of the Lid; ſomething that may ſerve to joke upon, or help one to an Occaſion to be witty,* that is, ſmutty, *now and then.*

Maſter. *And are* witty *and* ſmutty *then ſynonymous Terms?*

Beau. *O dear Sir, yes; a little* decent Smut *is the very Life of all Converſation; 'tis the Wit of Drawing-Rooms, Aſſemblies, Tea-Tables and Clubs; 'tis the ſmart Raillery of fine Gentlemen, and the innocent Freedom of fine Ladies;*

'tis

'tis a Double Entendre, *at which the Coquet laughs, the Prude looks grave, the Modeſt bluſh, but all are pleaſed with.*

Maſter. *That it is the Wit and Entertainment of* all *Converſation, I believe Sir, may poſſibly be a Miſtake. 'Tis true, thoſe who are ſo rude as to uſe it in* all *Converſations, may poſſibly be ſo depraved themſelves, as to fancy every Body elſe as agreeably entertained in hearing it, as they are in uttering it: but I dare ſay any Man or Woman of real Virtue and Modeſty, has as little Taſte for ſuch Ribaldry, as thoſe Coxcombs have for what is good Senſe, or true Politeneſs.*

Beau. *Good-Senſe Sir! Damme Sir, what do you mean? I would have you to think I know good Senſe as well as any Man. Good-Senſe is a* right——*a* true——*a* fit—*a*——*a*——*a*——*Damn it! I ſcorn to be ſo pedantic as to make Definitions; but I can invent a cramp Oath, Sir; drink a ſmutty Health, Sir; ridicule Prieſts; laugh at all Religion; and make ſuch a grave Prig as you look juſt like a Fool, Sir. Now, damme, I take that to be good Senſe.*

Maſter. *And I, unmoved, can hear ſuch ſenſeleſs Ridicule, and look upon its Author with an Eye of Pity and Contempt. And I take this to be good Senſe.*

Beau. *Pſhaw! Pſhaw! damned Hypocriſy and Affectation! nothing elſe, nothing elſe.* [Beau goes off.

Maſter. *There is nothing ſo much my Averſion as a Coxcomb. They are a Ridicule upon human Nature, and make One almoſt aſhamed to be of the ſame Species. And, for that Reaſon, I cannot forbear affronting them, whenever they fall in my Way. I hope the Ladies will excuſe my Behaviour in their Preſence.*

Lady. *Indeed, Sir, I wiſh we had always Somebody to treat them with ſuch Behaviour in our Preſence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their Impertinence.*

A *learned Method* to roaſt EGGS.

1 BOdies of a *black* colour are found more inflammable than any other Bodies, by reaſon the rays of light falling on them are not reflected outwards, but enter the Body, and are often reflected and refracted within it, till they be ſtifled and loſt.

2 A Virtuoſo of unſuſpected credit aſſured mr. Boyle, that he had, in a hot climate, by carefully blackening the ſhells of eggs, and expoſing them to the ſun, ſeen them thereby well roaſted in a ſhort time.

An Account of ſome uncommon Burnings, *lucid Appearances, and fiery Emanations.*

WE have inſtances of perſons *burnt* by fire kindled within their own bodies. A woman at Paris, who uſed to drink brandy in exceſs, was one night reduced to aſhes by a fire from within, all but her head and the ends of her fingers. Cornelia Bandi, an aged lady of unblemiſhed life, near Caſena in Romagna, underwent the ſame Fate in March, 1731. She had retired in the evening into her chamber ſomewhat indiſpoſed, and in the morning was found in the middle of the Room, reduced to aſhes, all except her face, ſkull, three fingers, and legs, which remained entire with the ſhoes and ſtockings on. The aſhes were light, and, on preſſing between the fingers, vaniſhed, leaving a groſs ſtinking moiſture behind, with which the floor was ſmeared; the walls and furniture of the room, being covered with a moiſt cineritious ſoot, which had not only ſtained the linen in the cheſts, but had penetrated into the cloſet, as well as into the room over-head, the walls of which were moiſtened with the ſame viſcous humour.

Several authors have written particular diſcourſes, to account for the cauſe of ſo extraor-

dinary an event: common fire it could not be, ſince this would likewiſe have burnt the bed and the room; beſides that it would have required many hours, and a great quantity of fuel, to reduce a human body to aſhes; and after all, a conſiderable part of the bones would have been left entire, as they were antiently found after the fierceſt funeral fires. Some attribute the effect to a mine of ſulphur under the houſe; others to miracle; while others ſuſpect that art or villany had ſome hand in it; Mondini attributes it to lightening. A philoſopher of Verona maintains, that ſuch a conflagration might have ariſen from the inflammable matters wherewith the human body naturally abounds. Bianchini accounts for it from an internal fire, occaſioned by ſpirit of wine camphorated, which the lady uſed by way of bath or lotion, when ſhe found herſelf out of order. Maffei's ſyſtem is a combination of the three laſt: he ſuppoſes it owing to lightening, but lightening generated in her own body; agreeable to his own doctrine, which is, that lightning does not come from the clouds, but is always produced in the place where it is ſeen, and its effects perceived. The humours of her body, naturally inflammable enough, were become preternaturally ſo by her putrid indiſpoſition; and theſe, by perſpiration, had inveloped her body with an atmoſphere of the ſame kind, replete likewiſe with mineral matters, whereby its activity was heightened. She had probably riſen in the night to uſe her lotion, and

and, by the friction of her hand, had helped to kindle the flame.

We have various relations of ſeveral other perſons being *burnt* to death in this unaccountable manner; as Jo. Hitchell, in 1613, and Grace Pet of Ipſwich, in 1744. The burning of Hitchell was occaſioned by lightening; but that does not appear to have been the cauſe of the death of many other perſons that occur in authors. We have had a late attempt to eſtabliſh the opinion, that theſe deſtroying internal fires are cauſed in the intrails of the body by inflamed effluvia of the blood, by juices and fermentations in the ſtomach, by the many combuſtible matters which abound in living bodies for the uſes of life; and, finally, by the fiery evaporations which exhale from the ſettlings of ſpirit of wine, brandies, and other hot liquors, in the tunica villoſa of the ſtomach, and other adipoſe or fat membranes; within which thoſe ſpirits engender a kind of camphor, which in the night-time, in ſleep, by a full reſpiration, are put in a ſtronger motion, and are more apt to be ſet on fire. Others aſcribe the cauſe of ſuch perſons being ſet on fire to lightening, and their burning ſo entirely, to the greater quantity of phoſphorus, and other combuſtible matter they contained. It is well known that divers putrid bodies will glow, and even ſparkle in the dark; not to mention thoſe lambent flames produced from putrid humours in church-yards, and the like places, called ignes fatui. Flaſhes of light have been often produced

duced from the bodies of men, as well as other animals, by a briſk motion. Fortunius Licetus mentions a perſon, who, by only rubbing his body with his hand, could make fire iſſue; and Maffei relates the ſame of Signora Caſſandra Buri Rambalda of Verona, who needed only rub her fleſh with a linnen cloth, to produce flaſhes of light. The light ariſing from currying a horſe, or from rubbing a cats back, are known to moſt. Inſtances of a like kind have been known on combing a woman's head. Theſe effluvia of animal bodies, have many properties in common with thoſe produced from glaſs; ſuch as their being lucid, their ſnapping, and their not being excited without ſome degree of friction, to which may be added electricity; as a cat's back has been found ſtrongly electrified when ſtroaked. Human bodies not only appear luminous, but even the exhalations from them adhering to their cloathing will cauſe it to ſhine likewiſe.

Queer Notions.

1. ONE *John Scot*, famous for Learning, being aſked, by a young Gallant, (who thought to have put him out of Countenance as he ſat at Table) What Difference there was between a *Scot* and a *Sot?* anſwer'd ſuddenly, *Menſa tantum, (The Table's Breadth)* for the other ſat over-againſt him.

2. One Mr. *Bull* went to viſit Mr. *Hide*: *Hide* ſaid ſmilingly, *Bull, where's your Horns,* O Sir, replied he, they always *go with the Hide.*

Queer Notions.

3. A young Lady lately married to one Mr. *Salter*, a Gentleman of her Acquaintance pleasantly asked her *How far she had got in her P-salter?* she as wittily answered, *As far as* " Blessed is *the Man.*----

4. A poor Cripple was asked why he married a blind Woman? *Because*, he said, *we shall better agree, when one can't hit the other in the Teeth of their Infirmities.*

5. A Woman having called another *Whore!* for which she was had before a Justice; the Justice bid her drop down on her Knees, and ask Forgiveness: *Sir*, says she, *Indeed I did call her* Whore; ------ *'tis* TRUE, *and* (to ask your Worship's Forgiveness) *I am sorry for it.*

6. A Clergyman in the North of England, who had a large Family, and but a very small Living, betook himself to fishing for their better Support. It happened once that the Archdeacon, on his Visitation, passed by the very River where the Vicar was fishing; and seeing him dressed in black, asked if he was the Clergyman of the Parish? Yes, Sir, answers the Vicar. Have you here many Souls? *No*, (says the Vicar, intent on his fishing) *very few, but we have Flounders Gudgeons and Chubs.*

7. A Braggadocia swore that he met with two great Enemies at one Time, and he tost one so high in the Air, that if he had had a Baker's Basket full of Bread, he would have starved in the Fall; and the other he struck so deep into the Earth, that he left Nothing to be seen but his Head and one Arm, to pull his Hat off to thank him.

Poetical Collection.

Morning and Evening DEVOTION.

(By a Gentleman educated at *Yale* College, in *Connecticut.*)

FATHER of *Light!* exhauſtleſs Source of Good!
Supreme, eternal, ſelf-exiſtent GOD!
Before the beamy *Sun* diſpens'd a Ray,
Flam'd in the azure Vault, and gave the Day;
Before the glimmering *Moon*, with borrow'd Light,
Shone Queen amid the Silver Hoſt of Night,
High in the Heavens thou reign'd ſuperior LORD,
By ſuppliant Angels worſhip'd and ador'd.
With the celeſtial Choir then let me join
In chearful Praiſes to the POWER DIVINE.
To ſing thy Praiſe do Thou, O GOD! inſpire
A mortal Breaſt with more than mortal Fire.
In dreadful Majeſty thou ſit'ſt enthron'd,
With Light encircled, and with Glory crown'd:
Through all Infinitude extends THY Reign,
For THEE nor Heaven, nor Heaven of Heavens contain;
But though Thy Throne is fix'd above the Sky,
Thy Omnipreſence fills Immenſity.
Saints, rob'd in white, to Thee their Anthems bring,
And radiant *Martyrs* Hallelujahs ſing:
Heavens univerſal Hoſt their Voices raiſe
In one *eternal Chorus* to Thy Praiſe;
And round Thy awful Throne, with one Accord,
Sing HOLY, HOLY, HOLY IS THE LORD.
At thy creative Voice, from antient Night
Sprang ſmiling Beauty, and yon Worlds of Light:
Thou ſpak'ſt——the planetary *Chorus* roll'd,
And all th' Expanſe was ſtarr'd with beamy Gold;
LET THERE BE LIGHT, ſaid GOD—Light inſtant ſhone,
And from the Orient burſt the golden *Sun*:
Heavens gazing Hierchies, with glad Surprize,
Saw the firſt Morn inveſt the recent Skies,
And ſtrait th' exulting Troops THY Throne ſurround
With thouſand thouſand Harps of heavenly Sound;
Thrones, Powers, Dominions (ever ſhining Trains!)
Shouted Thy Praiſes in triumphant Strains:

Great

Great are are thy Works! they ſing, and all aroun
Great are thy Works! the echoing Heavens reſoun
Th' effulgent *Sun*, inſufferably bright,
Is but a Beam of Thy o'er-flowing Light;
The Tempeſt is thy Breath: the Thunder hurl'd
Tremendous, roars thy Vengeance o'er the World.
Thou bow'ſt the Heavens; the ſmoaking Mountains n
Rocks falls to Duſt, and Nature owns her GOD;
Pale Tyrants ſhrink, the Atheiſt ſtands aghaſt,
And impious Kings in Horror breathe their laſt.
To This *Great* GOD, alternately I'd pay
The *Ev'ning Anthem*, and the *Morning Lay*.

The Bleſſing of God on the Buſineſs and C
forts of Life: A PSALM.

IF God ſucceeds not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt.
If God the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſlee

2 What if you riſe before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread,
To ſhun that Poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bleſt.
He can make rich yet, give us Reſt.
Children and Friends are Bleſſing too,
If God our Sovereign make them ſo.

4 Happy the Man to whom he ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends!
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

TO-MORROW *every Fault is to be amen*
but that TO-MORROW *never comes.*

A STORY for *Youth.*

ON Reformation bent, and growing wiſe,
To-MORROW *I'll begin indeed*, Jack cries.
To-morrow and *to-morrow*'s gone and o'er;
Yet Jack's the ſame *Young Rogue* he was before:
Still he *to-morrow* gravity aſſumes;
Day follows day, yet no *ſuch Morrow* comes;
But every day and preſent hour are ſeen
Such as have paſt, as *Yeſterday* has been.
Dear Jack no more of *your to-morrow* prate;
Cou'd you grow wiſe *to-morrow* 'twou'd be late;
Be late, though not a Moment you delay.
He's only *wiſe* who was ſo *Yeſterday.*

Don't go to Law.

A Perſon threatning to go to Law, was diſſuaded from it by his Friend, who deſired him to conſider, *for no Law was chargeable. I don't care, replied the other, I will not conſider; I will go to Law. Right, ſaid his Friend, or if you go to Law, I'm ſure you don't conſider.*

The *Farmer* and the *Judge*: A *homely* TALE.

A Farmer *once made a Complaint to a* Judge;
My Bull, if it pleaſe you Sir, owing a Grudge,
Belike to one of your Worſhip's Cattle,
Was ſlain outright in a mortal Battle:
I'm ſorry at Heart, becauſe of the Action,
And want to know how muſt be made Satisfaction.
Why, you muſt give me your Bull, that's plain
Says the Judge, or pay me the Price of the Slain.
But I have miſtaken the Caſe, Sir, ſays John,
The dead Bull I talk of, and pleaſe you, 's my own;
And yours is the Beaſt that the Miſchief has done.
The Judge ſoon replies, with a ſerious Face,
Say you ſo; then this Accident alter's the Caſe.

The *Leſſon*, a *Song*.

FOrgive, ye Fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do:
Permit me, while I give my Song,
To give a Leſſon too.
Let MODESTY, that *Heaven-born* Maid,
Your Words and Actions grace;
'Tis this, and only this, can add
New Luſtre to your Face.

2 'Tis this which paints the Virgin Cheek
Beyond the Power of Art;
And every real Bluſh beſpeaks
The Goodneſs of the Heart;
This Index of the virtuous Mind,
Your Lovers will adore;
'Tis this will leave a Charm behind,
When Bloom can charm no more.

3 Inſpir'd by this, to idle Men
With nice Reſerve behave;
And learn, by Diſtance, to maintain
The Power your Beauty gave;
For this, when Beauty muſt decay,
Your Empire will protect.
The Wanton pleaſes for a Day,
But ne'er creates Reſpect.

4 With this their ſilly Jeſts reprove,
When Coxcombs dare intrude;
Nor think the Man is worth your Lo
Who ventures to be rude.
Your Charms, when cheap, will ever pall
They fully with a Touch;

And though we mean to grant not all,
We often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair
Expect the generous Youth,
Whom Heaven has doom'd her Heart to share,
And bleſs'd with Love and Truth;
For him alone preſerve her Hand,
And wait the happy Day,
When he with Juſtice can command,
And ſhe with Joy obey.

The Morning APPARITION.

ALL Things were hush'd, as Noiſe itſelf were dead;
No mid-night Mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent Bed,
Not e'en a Gnat diſturb'd the Peace profound,
Dumb o'er my Pillow hung my Watch unwound;
No ticking Death-worm told a fancy'd Doom,
Nor hidden Cricket chirped in the Room;
No Breeze the Caſement ſhook, or fann'd the Leaves,
Nor Drops of Rain fell ſoft from off the Eaves;
No noiſy Splinter made the Candle weep,
But the dim Watch-light ſeem'd itſelf aſleep:
When tir'd I cloſ'd my Eyes.——How long I lay
In Slumber wrapt, I liſt not now to ſay;
When hark! a ſudden Noiſe! ſee! open flies
The yielding Door——I, ſtarting, rubb'd my Eyes,
Faſt cloſ'd a While, and, as their Lids I rear'd,
Full at my Feet, a tall, thin Form appear'd.
While through my parted Curtains ruſhing broke
A Light like Day, e'er yet the Figure ſpoke.
Cold Sweats bedew'd my Limbs——nor did I dream:
(Hear, Mortals, hear! for real Truth's my Theme)
And now more bold, I rous'd my trembling Bones,
To look—when lo! 'twas honeſt Maſter JONES, †
Who wav'd his Hand, to baniſh Fears and Sorrow,
Well charg'd with Toaſt and Sack, and cry'd Good-Morrow.

† An old *Watchman*, with his Staff and Lanthorn.

An old-fashioned RHYMING TALE.

ONCE on a Time it by Chance came to paſs,
That a Man and his Son were leading an Aſs.
Cries a Paſſenger, Neighbour you're ſadly put to't,
To lead an Aſs empty, and trudge it on Foot.
Nay, quoth the old Fellow, if Folk do ſo mind us
I'll e'en climb the Aſs, and Boy mount behind us:
But as they jogg'd on, they were laugh'd at and hiſs'd,
What! two booby Lubbers on one ſorry Beaſt!
This is ſuch a Figure as never was known;
'Tis a Sign that the Aſs is none of your own.
Then down gets the Boy, and walks by the Side,
Till another cries What, you old Fool, muſt you ride,
When you ſee the poor Child, that is weakly and young,
Forc'd through thick and thin to trudge it along?
Then down gets the Father, and up gets the Son:
If this cannot pleaſe them we ne'er ſhall have done.
They had not gone far but a Woman cries out,
O you young graceleſs Imp! you'll be hanged no doubt!
Muſt you ride an Aſs, and your Father that's grey,
E'en Foot it, and pick out the beſt of his Way?
So now to pleaſe all, they but one Trick lack,
And that was to carry the Aſs a pick-pack:
But when that was tried, it appear'd ſuch a Jeſt,
It occaſioned more Laughter by half than the Reſt.

Thus he who'd *pleaſe* ALL, and their Good-liking gain,
Shews a Deal of Good-Nature, but labours in vain.

On the Mutability of Words *and* Things.

ALL THINGS, beneath the Circle of the Sun,
Through a perpetual Transformation run;
Monarchs and *Fiddlers*, fall to Death a Prey,
And GEORGE, and *Jacob*, † will be ſnatch'd away:
E'en *Sally*'s Charms will ruthleſs TIME deface,
And furrowing Wrinkles ſpoil *Belinda*'s Face.
So WORDS change Faſhion (like a Lady's Hoop)
And what's now *Sugar* may, next Age, be *Soap*;
While *Lawyer*, *Doctor*, *Stateſman*, and *Divine*,
Are term'd *Rogue*, *Murder*, *Bribery*, and *Wine*:
And as *new Words* are coin'd (ſo orders Fate)
The *old Ones* vaniſh and grow out of Date:
Thus in the thrifty Days of good Queen BESS,
Knave ſtood for *Slave*, and *Goody* for a *Laſs*."

† *A blind Fiddler.*

Supplement to N° 1.

IT was at firſt intended that the latter Part of this Magazine ſhould be ranged under the Title of *Hiſtorical and Political Memorandums*, chiefly collected from common News Papers: But as thoſe Perſons who are fond of preſerving ſuch Occurences *in full*, may be *abundantly* ſupplied that Way, we ſuppoſe it will be much more acceptable to our Cuſtomers in general, if we only ſelect the few *remarkable* and *entertaining* Paſſages which appear therein, as thoſe will always be read and *repeated* with Pleaſure and Profit, while numberleſs others are *moſt an end* overlooked and forgot.

BOSTON, April 10. 1758.

IT *is happy for a people, when patriotiſm, harmony and mutual confidence prevail. — When a zeal for the public good animates a* RULER, *its generous heat diffuſes among all orders, and warms even the extreme parts of a community.— It is difficult to determine whether the government has diſcovered more alacrity in voting* 7000 *men for the grand enterprize of the Year, than the people do in offering their ſervice. — An immenſe charge will unavoidably ariſe; yet no one murmurs. — All ſeem to be ſenſible of making a vigorous puſh, in order totally to ſubdue thoſe, who aim at nothing leſs than totally extirpating us. — This old* New-England *Spirit revived, gives abundant reaſon to hope that our military affairs will be carried on to more ſucceſs, than they have been for ſome years paſt; eſpecially when we conſider the uninterrupted attention of the Mother Country to her American intereſt, and the increaſing aid we are to receive from that quarter; a conſiderable part of which is already actually arrived, and the remainder daily expected.—From hence it ap-*

pears

years, that we have the special favour and protection of the best of kings; a happiness which must be inestimable in the judgment of a loyal people, and impossible to be forfeited by an omission of any thing expected on our part, within the compass of our ability. — But it will be highly unbecoming the character we sustain, as well as a base degeneracy from the spirit of our brave ancestors, to engage in this important undertaking, without a proper Regard to HIM, *who wears the appellation*—THE GOD OF ARMIES. — *In a religious dependence on* HIM, *we may promise ourselves that the good time is at hand, when we may retaliate to the French for all their perfidy,—for all that innocent Blood, which they, and the savages under their hellish influence, have been spilling in New-England, from the days of our fathers.— We may hope that the set time is come; when impowered by the almighty Ruler, we may unsheath the sword of* HIS *justice, and again triumph over those who have lately triumphed over us. —— Aided by* HIM, *our Officers and Soldiers may expect not barely to retrieve our lost honour, and recover our Sovereign's injured rights; but to march through their country even to its remotest Parts, and totally to subdue them who aim at totally extirpating us. —— It is indeed inconsistent with protestant christianity, to thirst for blood—we do not covet their inheritance——it would have been agreeable to us, to have cultivated and maintained a friendship with them; but by long experience we find it impracticable. — Great pains have been taken by our nation to bring them to righteous terms, to settle boundaries in America, upon a footing of equity, but to no purpose.———— Nothing remains, but that these distressed Colonies join with our British brethren, who are kindly come to our assistance, and make such an exertion of our whole strength; as our Religion, our Civil Rights, our Properties, all that is sacred and dear, demand from us.*

†‡† *The following* EPITAPH *was taken from a Tomb-Stone of* Pennsylvania *Marble, lately erected in the Burial-Place opposite to the Manufactory-House, in* Boston. *The Letters are very well formed: For this Specimen of superior Ability in his Business the young Artist deserves Commendation; though he that cut the Stone, is now in the same State with those whom it is intended to commemorate: He was lately shot dead by some lurking Indians on the Frontiers of* Pennsylvania.

JOSIAH FRANKLIN,
And
ABIAH, his Wife,
Lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in Wedlock
Fifty-five Years;
And without an Estate or any gainful
Employment,
By *constant Labour*, and *honest Industry*,
(With GOD's Blessing)
Maintained a large Family
Comfortably,
And brought up thirteen Children and
Seven Grand-children
Reputably.

From this Instance, Reader,
Be encouraged to Diligence in thy Calling,
And distrust not PROVIDENCE.

He was a pious and a prudent Man,
She a discreet and virtuous Woman.

Their youngest Son,
In filial Regard to their Memory,
Places this Stone.

J. F. born 1655, died 1744.
A. F. born 1667, died 1752.

Boſton, July 3. Saturday laſt died in th 70th Year of his Life, WILLIAM TYLER, Eſ a noted Merchant in this Town. ------ By th Bleſſing of Providence on an early Applicatio to Buſineſs, he acquired a large Eſtate; an by his Uprightneſs in dealing with Mankind he very juſtly ſuſtained a fair Character. ------ The State of Independency he was for man Years in, afforded him the Opportunity o being very uſeful in the World; and he neve failed to improve the happy Talents he wa bleſſed with, for this Purpoſe, in private an in public Life, to the Advantage of many, an the Approbation of all that knew him.

July 24. *On Friday Morning laſt died, after a long Indiſpoſition, Mr.* Thomas Fleet, *in the 73d Year of his Age. He was for many Years a conſiderable* Printer *in this Town; and was remarkable for his Underſtanding, Induſtry and* Impartiality *in the Buſineſs of his own Profeſſion: Beſides which he had a general and extenſive Knowledge of the World. He was ſtrictly juſt and upright in all his Dealings with Men. He was of a friendly and benevolent Diſpoſition; and naturally inclined to Acts of Charity and Generoſity, on every proper Occaſion.*

REFLECTION on DEATH.

MEN *(ſays Lord Bacon) fear Death as Children fear the Dark; as that natural Fear in Children is increaſed by* frightful Tales, *ſo is the other. Groans, Convulſions, weeping Friends, and the like, ſhew Death terrible; yet there is no Paſſion ſo weak but conquers the Fear of it; and therefore Death is not ſuch a terrible Enemy.* Revenge *triumphs over Death,* Love *ſlights it,* Honour *aſpires to it, dread of* Shame *prefers it,* Grief *flies to it, and* Fear *anticipates it.*

*** *Several excellent Productions intended for this Number we muſt defer till our next.*